

## THE HORRORS OF WAR.

What dreadful horrors cluster  
O, war, about thy name;  
What cruel carnage carries  
A crimson crown to fame!

What woe tread on each other,  
So fast they follow, when  
The altar is man's glory,  
The sacrifice is men.

O, war, thou purple monarch,  
Who swayest field and town,  
What heartless head of iron  
Must fill thy carmine crown!

Thou fire-eyed fiend of slaughter,  
Who sweepst drought and flood,  
The shadow of damnation  
Cannot obscure the blood

That thou hast shed for conquest,  
For glory and for shame,  
And in the niche of murder,  
Hast written thine own name.

Yet this is not sufficient,  
O, war, and we are told  
That you have now discovered  
New horrors to unfold.

We read that in Dakota,  
Pursuant to your plan,  
A new and helpless baby  
Is christened Deweyman.

Say, war, thy dreadful horrors  
Hereafter are in vain;  
Go on, and let them christen  
The next one Hobson Jane.

W. J. Lampton.

## SOUTH SIDE.

Tempe, Ariz., June 29.—(Special Correspondence of The Republican.)—Bob Mullen, H. Z. Zuck, William Goodwin, William Penn, Robert Richards, Dr. Dimes, Wolf Sachs, Mrs. M. G. Hill, Mrs. Curt W. Miller, W. J. Kingsbury and Roy Hill went to the city beyond the Salt today.

Miss Fannie Barry came up from Phoenix today to say good-by to friends before leaving for San Francisco for the summer.

Andres Jepsen got off tonight for Denmark.

James Carroll is suffering from a poisoned hand.

J. G. Newton's little boy was stung by a scorpion this morning. His arm and throat were swollen very badly, making it very difficult for the little fellow to breathe.

Rafael Modesta, aged 26, and Carolina Mendibles, aged 19, two of Tempe's popular young Mexican people, were granted permission by the probate judge late last night to enter the inner sanctuaries of life by the celebration of a matrimonial contract.

Wolf Sachs this year raised fifty acres of oats which threshed thirty sacks to the acre. The oats will bring him \$2 per cwt., which will amount to \$3,000 for the crop. The oats are sold for seed which accounts for the high price. This is the best thing heard of yet.

A. J. Peters will ship two cars of hay tonight and a car of grain will go to Wickenburg.

Garfield Goodwin has a watermelon patch. Some young rascals found it out and Sunday night entered it and destroyed a lot of vines, ate all the melons they could and cut up a great many more. Garfield slept in the patch Monday night, but no one disturbed the melons that night. Last night, however, he discovered a solitary figure among the melons. With three leaps he was by his side. The melon hunter on seeing he was caught saluted in a friendly way, "Hello, Garce." Biff! and he went to the ground. Garfield then asked who it was that attempted to demolish his patch of melons on Sunday night. The man said he didn't know. "Tell me, or I'll pound you until you will have to be carried out of here," threatened Garfield. The names were then all made known to him with the information that two more fellows were waiting just outside for some melons. "If three of you ever come into this patch at once one of you will get killed; if two of you come in at the same time I will bump your heads together," said the towering Garfield, and then bade his visitor depart.

MESA.

Mesa City, Ariz., June 29.—(Special Correspondence of The Republican.)—A. P. Shewman, A. Hunsaker, E. J. Shirine, H. L. Chandler, P. H. Lincoln and J. L. Powell went to Phoenix today.

Mr. Campbell leaves for his home in Detroit tonight after a two years' stay in Mesa and Phoenix.

Charles Mullen was up from Phoenix today.

Phoenix was overcastly blessed today and its atmosphere was overcharged with the breath of immortals, for two goddesses did walk in its streets today. The visiting goddess was Miss Zula Robson of Mesa, who called on her immortal friend, Miss Keltner, to hold a celestial confab.

A car of hay was shipped from here today.

Mrs. John Barnett is very sick.

Everett Brizze has left the employ of the Farmers' exchange.

Lyde Pomeroy came very nearly losing a large part of his grain crop by fire yesterday. While he was hauling a load of wheat to the Mesa mill the grain, which was piled in his field, was ignited by some means and fifteen sacks were burned from the grain, which was greatly injured.

Watermelon parties occur every hour in Mesa nowadays. The melons brought into Mesa are as fine as ever grew. About every time one looks up he sees some one with his arms affectionately around a fat watermelon poking around a corner or dodging into some doorway with two or three following.

DISTRICT 14.

Mrs. G. B. Cough will leave Tuesday for Portland, Oregon, where she will join her husband, who is manager of a wholesale firm in that city.

Mr. John Baker, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks with

## Character!

Schilling's Best baking powder keeps, and does perfect work, in all climates: wet, dry, hot, cold.

Your money back—at your grocer's—if you do not like it.

blood poison, is some better today.

Mr. J. W. Coverdale and family will leave for Prescott on July 5 for a summer's outing.

The latest in the way of improvement in the neighborhood is the neat brick house erected by R. G. Clayton of the Arizona nursery. Mr. Clayton supports the doctrine that two can do more in the nursery business than one, and for that reason he has erected the house and has chosen for his life companion Miss Florence Rodman of Phoenix.

Mr. A. B. Kellogg left yesterday for the northern part of the territory, where he will look after his cattle interests.

The Ideal Literary society is the only society of its kind in the valley now holding meetings. On account of hot weather its time of meeting has been changed from once a week to once a month. At the regular meeting Saturday evening the members will render to the public a program well worthy of being heard. As usual, refreshments will be served after the program is rendered.

Governor McCord will soon move from his farm home in this vicinity to his new residence on Center street.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding entertained a large number of young people Thursday evening at their home in the northern part of the district.

A summer school has been recently opened in the district by Miss Mary Johnson, formerly of the Phoenix public schools. The results already obtained by Miss Johnson are of the most encouraging kind.

The most perplexing runaway that has ever occurred in the district took place the other day. It was Mr. Munch and his hired man, who went to the river for a load of sand, and while there decided to go bathing. Hitching their horses and leaving their clothes in the wagon, they jumped into the river. At that instant and no doubt caused by the splash of the water, the team broke away and ran home, a distance of five miles. Now, remembering their clothes to be in the wagon, the question to be solved is, when and how did Mr. Munch and his hired man get home.

## ALBUQUERQUE'S HEROES

Some of the Boys Who Fell White

Gallantly Fighting.

Frank Booth, one of the brave soldier boys of this city, who was wounded in the engagement at Santiago, is the son of W. A. Booth, the bookkeeper at Bachuchi & Giomi's. He was 23 years old on the 21st day of last April. Prior to his enlistment he had been employed as stenographer and assistant bookkeeper in E. J. Post & Co.'s hardware store. He was one of the most popular young men in the city. He was 25 years old on the 2nd day of last November. He is the son of L. U. Albers of the Priesian dairy, and had spent three years in Albuquerque. At the time of enlistment he had been employed driving the delivery wagon for the steam laundry. George W. Armijo, still another soldier, is the 20-year-old son of Mariano Armijo, the editor of El Nuevo Mundo. George was born in Albuquerque and had spent all of his life in New Mexico with the exception of the time spent at school in the east. W. T. Erwin, who was reported to be among those who were killed on the field, was at first supposed to be a son of C. L. Erwin, a former Albuquerquean, who now resides in El Paso, but this was a mistake. A man by the name of Erwin who was working at Trimble's ranch south of the city, enlisted here, and is supposed to have been W. T. Erwin, although the name does not appear on the original list of those leaving Albuquerque. Albert C. Hartley, Robert G. Bailey and E. J. Atherton also enlisted in Albuquerque and are named among the wounded, but nothing can be learned of their previous history, as they had apparently very few acquaintances here.

Suffice it to say that they were brave boys who fell in a righteous cause with their faces to the enemy. Captain McClintock of Troop B and George Howland of Santa Fe were both printers who had many Albuquerque friends. H. J. Haefner of Las Vegas, or "Jo," as he is better known, is also well known in this city. For all of these and for many other brave fellows, whose names may not have yet been learned, the flag at the Democrat office will wave at half-mast today.—Albuquerque Democrat.

## UNDER A SLIPPER'S SPELL.

"Madam, would you mind if I accompanied Francois to his mother's home?"

"No; I am perfectly willing, but be back by 11 o'clock."

The countess of Laispare had left her chateau, in the neighborhood of Compiegne, and leaving all her servants with the exception of her maid, whom she took with her to Trouville, intended to stay a few weeks in Paris. Mariette, her maid, was delighted with the idea of the short sojourn in Paris, for she could see her fiancé, a brother of the janitor of the apartment in which they were stopping.

Mme. Laispare, a pretty widow, was fatigued by a day spent in going from tailor to dressmaker, from dressmaker to milliner; she was stretched comfortably in a reclining chair, and her whole attention was centered in a book she was reading. The sound of the clock striking 12 aroused her.

## ALL THE PLEASURES OF THE SEA

ALL KINDS OF SEA FOODS IN THE UNIQUE FISH GRILL ROOM WITH MARINE DECORATIONS

Leave the interior and enjoy the cool breezes of THE PACIFIC OCEAN....

## Better than a Doctor's Bill

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F. W. RICHARDSON, Manager.

"Is it possible! I had no idea it was so late. And where is Mariette?" Sure that her maid had not yet returned, she passed out on the balcony from her drawing room, overlooking Friedland avenue, and began looking vainly for the figures of Mariette and Francois.

In her impatience she struck her foot repeatedly against the iron railing of the balcony and the heel of her slipper was pulled from her foot, and, falling, just escaped the face of a late promenade who stood star-gazing beneath the balcony.

He picked up the missile, looked at it, turned it over, then, carrying it to the street lamp, examined it carefully. His surprised look gave way to one of amused pleasure. The passer, feeling like the prince in the story, knew that the wearer of the slipper had a pretty foot, and that the next thing to do was to find her.

"Well," said he to himself, "let's begin. This slipper didn't fall on my head from heaven; it came, evidently from that lighted window. I thought I saw a figure there a moment ago. Well, then, here goes."

Concealed in a corner of the balcony the countess had watched the pantomime, feeling all the time a strong desire to laugh. The man appeared young and good looking; in dress and bearing he was all that could be desired. The young woman told herself that she had a very distinguished air, and so she felt not at all alarmed when she approached the door of the building and rang the bell.

"He will wake every one in the apartment house except that sleepy-headed janitor. What shall I do? I don't see anything but to go and open it myself."

Opening the door a crack she said: "A thousand pardons, monsieur, and please give it to me quickly."

"In truth, madam, I regret exceedingly not being able to grant your request, but the object which I have just found is, I think, rather precious, and you will understand that I feel a certain responsibility. If the slipper is yours it will, of course, fit you, and you will allow me to assure myself by the formality of trying it on?"

She seated herself in one of the large antique chairs in the hall, and putting on her little foot, watched him as he gravely felt the slipper upon it. The instant it was on the foot was withdrawn, and disappeared beneath her skirt, while Rene de la Briere arose, somewhat disconcerted.

Mme. Laispare, standing on both feet this time, made him the most gracious and at the same time the most ironical of bows, and, opening the door wide, motioned the young man out with the gesture in which the grace did not hide the authority. But at the moment when, decidedly charged and confused, Rene was about to obey the command, a loud report made itself heard a little distance from them.

The countess, never thinking that it was the eve of July 14, thought only of a pistol shot and robbers. Rene understood the situation in an instant, and determined what part he would play in the little drama; bowing profusely, he made as if to continue his departure.

"Monsieur, did you hear it?" "Perfectly, madam; a pistol shot."

"Then there are thieves in the neighborhood?"

"It is very probable; and now that I think of it I remember of observing a little while ago a very villainous looking fellow prowling about."

"Really, monsieur, I am afraid for you, and to be frank, for myself, too. My maid has not yet returned, and if I were not afraid of troubling you I would ask you to wait until she comes in."

The hall was lighted brightly, and they seated themselves in the big chairs. There was a moment's awkward pause, and then M. de la Briere told his name, and the countess followed his example, which put them at their ease.

They talked of travel, of literature, of music, of painting, and found on all these subjects they possessed a remarkable similarity of tastes. The situation was a peculiar one, and possessed the charm of its novelty.

Learning that she was a widow, Rene dared to ask her if, young and pretty as she was, she had never thought of marrying again. She re-

sponded with a sudden sadness that he marriage had not made her happy; that her husband had not treated her with great kindness. Her illusions had been so utterly destroyed that she felt certain the only chance of happiness lay in keeping forever her liberty, full and entire.

Rene, under the spell of a sudden enthusiasm, began to plead with ardor a cause which he almost felt to be his own. He tried to convince her how unjust she was in thus condemning beforehand any true love which might be offered to her because her first choice had fallen upon a man incapable of appreciating his happiness and proving himself unworthy of it.

"There exists an old Persian legend which places whosoever finds a woman's slipper forever under the influence of its owner. I ask for nothing better than to be allowed to fulfill the prophetic legend and remain all my life in the spell of the dainty slipper I found tonight."

Love and confidence work miracles. It is certain that when Mariette returned she was not scolded, and her excuses were accepted in full. And later it was rumored that the chateau near Compiegne had obtained a master.—Translated from the French for the Washington Times.



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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of James Roark, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of James Roark, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Baker & Bennett in Fleming Building in the city of Phoenix, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Maricopa. CORA BRILL, Administrator of the estate of James Roark, deceased.

Dated, Phoenix, A. T., this 6th day of June, 1898.  
First published in the Arizona Republican June 6th, 1898.

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## PROPOSALS FOR FORAGE AND STRAW—Office of Chief Quartermaster,

Denver, Colo., June 6, 1898.—Sealed proposals in triplicate will be received here and at office of Quartermaster at each post below named until 11 o'clock a. m., 12th meridian time, July 6, 1898, and then opened for furnishing forage and straw, at Fort Apache, Grant, Huachuca, sub-post of San Carlos, A. T., Fort Du Chesse, Utah, and Fort Washackie, Wyoming, and Denver, Colo., during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899. Proposals for quantities less than the whole required or for delivery at points other than those named, will be entertained. The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals or any part thereof. Information furnished on application here or at offices of respective post Quartermasters. Envelopes to be marked "Proposals for Forage and Straw." E. B. ATWOOD, Chief Q. M.

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